

W. P. WALTON,
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BUSINESS MANAGER.

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OUR JOB OFFICE IS COMPLETE
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GARFIELD'S SONG.

When I was a boy, to keep me alive,
A camel lost team I was driven to drive;
I traveled on foot and the reins did rank,
And I held the mule's tail on the lost's and
plank.
I long to that tail with such fixed intent
That now I'm a candidate for President.
A trade I learned and theology seemed,
And I joined likewise the legal band,
But when I thought I was my strongest game
And a Congressman I followed such a goodly tent
That now I am a candidate for President.

I took my attorney dividends,
But finding that it didn't my credit extend,
With all the solemnity an oath invokes,
I swore that my sins was as upright as oaks.
I swore so devoutly I never got a cent
That now I'm a candidate for President.

Next with Dick Parsons I chanced to meet,
Who converted me to payment, abstract and
concrete;
As attorney I accepted a good fat fee,
For which I never did make that amount,
That now I am a candidate for President.

When next they called at my residence,
I pretended to oppose it with righteous mail,
But while I thus doffed in the people's eyes threw
I pushed through the measure and my back pay
down.

I pushed through that measure with such blanching,
That now I'm a candidate for President.

Now, Republicans all, who ever you may be,
If you want to rise to the top of the tree,
In your youth get a chance to drive a mule,
And you will be guided to the golden rule;
Take whatever you can get, and swear it was just
And you may also be candidates for President!

(For THE INTERIOR JOURNAL.)

RING OUT THE JOY BELLS.

A Democratic Campaign Song.

Ring the joy bells for Hancock and English;
Stand to your guns, every man in his place,
We've gone into battle for freedom two period,
And never will stop till we win the whole race.

Ring out the joy bells, 'tis fraud and corruption
That freedom intent to put down in their sight,
Above us the dag of the Union is fastening,
And victory will crown, in November, the right.

III

Ring out the joy bells, the North is unit'd.
The North, too, will join her in battle array,
Till Hancock and English are placed in the White
House,
And Hayes with his fraudulent minions gives
way.

IV

Ring out the joy bells, our leaders are coming
And nothing shall daunt them if chosen to rule,
For Hancock a soldier and English a freeman,
It cannot be said that either's a fool.

V

Ring out the joy bells, the soldiers in blue and
gray
Swear that it chosen, our leaders shall be
Installed into the office to which they were chosen,
Or blood will flow freely as brooks to the sea.

VI

Ring out the joy bells, reform is our watchword,
No longer shall thives and corrupt ring have
power.

For Hancock and English will break up their
meanness,
And honest men put in their places to stay.

H. T. H.
Stanford, Ky., July 12th, 1860.

JUDGE BLACK TO GEN. HANCOCK.

When Gen. Hancock's Order No. 40 was made public, the Hon. Jeremiah S. Black wrote him the subjoined letter:

WASHINGTON, Nov. 28, 1867.—
My Dear General:—This moment I read your admirable order. I am much engaged, but I can not resist the temptation to steal time enough from my clients to tell you how grateful you have made me by your patriotic and noble behavior.

Yours is the first, most distinct and most emphatic recognition which the principle of American liberty has received at the hands of any high officer in a Southern command. It has the very ring of Revolutionary metal. Washington never said a thing in better taste or better time. It will prove to all men that "Peach hath her victories not less renowned than those of war." I congratulate you, not because it will make you the most popular man in America, for I dare say you care nothing for that, but because it will give you through all time the solid reputation of a true patriot and a sincere lover of your country, its laws and its Government. This, added to your brilliant achievements as a soldier, will leave you without a rival in the affections of all whose good will is worth having, and give you a place in history which your children will be proud of.

This acknowledgement from me does not amount to much, but I am expressing only the feelings of millions, and expressing them feebly at that. With profound respect, yours, etc.

J. S. BLACK.
MAJ. GEN. HANCOCK.

A woman in red was seen at the Coney Island races by a fashion correspondent, who furnishes the following description: "She was outwardly clothed in red from top to toe—from her red-plumed hat to her red leather slippers. The material of her costume was velvet and satin in the main, and the color throughout was bright scarlet, which glowed and glistered in the hot sun like a big live coal. Her slippers were low, showing red silk stockings of the finest texture; her jewelry was red carved ivory; her gloves were red, too; not a glimpse of anything but red could be caught about her except her face, neck and hair."

An account of the funeral of a prominent Hoosier says: "The funeral procession followed the hearse to the grave." We are glad to know that it didn't go around by another road and meet at the cemetery gate. (Boston Post.)

A faint heart never won a fair lady, but a faint whisper often catches her.

THE INTERIOR JOURNAL.

STANFORD, KY., FRIDAY, JULY 16, 1880.

WHOLE NUMBER 436.

The Interior Journal.

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The Interior Journal.

STANFORD, KY.

Friday Morning, July 16, 1880.

W. P. WALTON, Editor

NATIONAL DEMOCRATIC TICKET.

FOR PRESIDENT,
GEN. WINFIELD S. HANCOCK,
OF PENNSYLVANIA.

FOR VICE PRESIDENT,
HON. WILLIAM H. ENGLISH,
OF INDIANA.

LOCAL DEMOCRATIC TICKET.

FOR CIRCUIT JUDGE,
R. H. OWLESLEY,
FOR COM'RT'S ATTORNEY,
R. C. WARREN,
FOR CIRCUIT CLERK,
JAS. P. BAILEY,
FOR SHERIFF,
S. H. BAUGHMAN

GARFIELD, after taking six weeks to write his letter of acceptance, has at last given that valuable document to the public, and like the mountain that labored and brought forth a mouse, this effort of his is peculiar. Of course he is profoundly grateful for the high honor imposed, but from present appearances the honor will consist mainly in running a race and getting beaten worse than even his predecessor Hayes, for whom he purposed himself by assisting to count in. Without going into details we adopt the following fair and concise opinion of it as given by the Cincinnati *Enquirer*: The letter of acceptance of General Garfield repudiates an unnamed portion of the Chicago platform on which he was nominated; plainly seeks to make the issue of the Campaign one of centralization against civil liberty; waves the bloody shirt behind a transparent screen; demands that the Executive Department of the Government shall elect the Congress of the people; paves the way for the emigration of negroes to the States where their votes are needed; talks of schools that are beyond the jurisdiction of the Federal Government; bids for the votes of soldiers whose *Arrears-of-Pensions* Bill found an enemy in him; divides his pleasant words upon the question of a protective tariff between the Cobden Club, of which Garfield is a member, and his hope of carrying Pennsylvania; complimenting the founder of the Democratic party as it speaks of our splendid domain; denounces General Garfield as a hypocrite in mentioning the Chinese question; and actually has the audacity to allude to Civil Service Reform while Arthur is at the tail of the Presidential ticket. This is the substance, this is the essence, of his letter of acceptance.

In his letter of acceptance, Garfield says his views are well known to the country from his record in Congress. He is right they are, and it is a very patent fact that they are sadly at variance with those he now expresses. For instance, his record in Congress shows that he has on all occasions spoken and voted for Chinese immigration. Now, because the Republican platform recommends that Congress make some modification in the treaty with the Chinese Government, he says: "It is too much like an importation to be welcomed without restriction, too much like an invasion to be looked upon without solicitude. We cannot consent to allow any form of servile labor to be introduced among us under the guise of immigration." Oh! consistency, thou art a jewel, not at all in the possession of Mr. Garfield.

The Readjusters under Gen. Mahone, met at Richmond, Va., a few days ago and declared for Hancock and English, but appointed speakers of their own. The Regular Democracy has already an electoral ticket in the field, and unless there can be a compromise effected Virginia is likely to be lost to the party. The Republicans have given up the contest in the other Southern States, and will do all in their power to keep the two divisions apart there. Gen. Mahone, the leader of the Readjusters, pretends to be a Democrat, but he is worse than a traitor if he persists in his present course.

PARIS is one of the few finished towns of the State. Since 1870 her population has only increased twenty-four, and we advise Craddock to have the old place fenced in.

THE Republican papers having set about a lie that Jerry Black was the author of General Hancock's orders and letters relative to Louisiana, that gentleman has cabled from London that he knew nothing of them till he read them in print. One by one are the lies about our candidate shelved, but still the record shows that Garfield purjured himself to get out of the Credit Mobilier steal; that he accepted a bribe from the DeGolyer pavement ring and afterwards as Chairman of the Committee on Appropriations used his influence to the extent of fleching from the Treasury \$47,000,000 for the swindling con-

cern. It is further of record that Mr. Garfield voted for the salary grab and pocketed the money when the bill passed, but like the demagogic politician that he is, returned it to the Treasury when the cry of indignation went up all over the land, at such a whole scale plunder. This is a part of the doings of the "Christian Statesman" that the Republicans have set up for the highest office in the gift of the people. Corrupt and rotten to the core, he is a fit representative of his party, whose mismanagement of public affairs which has cursed the country for twenty years, will end with an overwhelming defeat of its smirched and besmirched candidate in November next.

THE national laws relating to the election of Representatives in Congress shall neither be violated nor evaded; that every elector shall be permitted, freely and without intimidation, to cast his lawful ballot at such election, and have it honestly counted; and that the potency of his vote shall not be destroyed by the fraudulent vote of any other person. [Garfield in his letter of acceptance.

That's what we all claim, yet Mr. Garfield's party is seeking to thwart the will of the voters by changing the law in the States which have Republican Governors and Legislatures, so that the latter will have the right to appoint Garfield and Arthur Electors, who will in every case declare the Republican ticket elected, no matter how far it be from the truth. Force your party to stick to your position, Mr. Garfield, and the Democracy will see that there is no intimidation, and that there is a fair count after the vote is cast.

In Philadelphia, the other day, some young women in a factory wrote on the wall in large letters the names of Hancock and English. The proprietor, who was a black-hearted Radical, became incensed at the sight of it and demanded of the girls the name of the one who wrote it. They refused to tell and he ordered them to rub out the names. They again refused, and he discharged the whole lot of them. Such a mean and cowardly act passes almost unnoticed by the Republican papers of the North, but if such a thing had occurred in the South, and the women had been of the colored persuasion, it would have been brought to perfection in these United States. — *Bowling Green Intelligencer.*

— The Buford trial is running the usual course of "respectable murder" trials. There have been a change of venue, and now comes a *sol pro*, an acquittal or a pardon. Murder as a fine art and punishment as a farce, have been brought to perfection in these United States. — *Bowling Green Intelligencer.*

— The *Courier-Journal* has evidence that large numbers of negroes are leaving this State for Indiana to vote in the coming struggle. This is the game of the Republicans to carry the State, but it won't work.

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STANFORD, KY.

Friday Morning, - - July 16, 1880.

LOCAL NOTICES.

CIDER MILLS of all kinds cheap at Owsley & Higgins'.

CROQUET Sets cheaper than ever at Chemault and Penny's.

LIME, CEMENT AND SALT constantly on hand at Owsley & Higgins'.

WATCHES and Jewelry repaired and warranted by Chemault and Penny.

LARD OIL of Extra quality for Mowers and Reapers, &c., at McRoberts & Stagg's.

A nice lot of Fine Fresh Candy just received by B. Mattingly & Son. Try some of it.

ALL who are indebted to us must come forward and settle at once. Harris & Nunnelley.

PAINTS, White Lead, Oils, Varnishes, Window Glass, at bottom prices at Chemault & Penny's.

We GUARANTEE our Ready-mixed Paints in quality and durability. McRoberts & Stagg.

Our accounts are ready. All indebted to us will please favor us with a settlement.

There is nothing better this hot weather than Soda Water. Go to Chemault & Penny's for the coldest and best.

PERFUMERY, Toilet Soaps, Hair, Skin, Toiletries, &c., at McRoberts & Stagg's.

For the want of paper accounts examining the samples of wood paper at Chemault & Penny's. They are beautiful and cheap.

For the best harness and saddlefry, at the lowest price, Curtis & Pickels is the place to go, and we would advise our Lincoln county readers to prove the truth of this by calling on them when they go to Danville. They handle nothing but the best goods, and can guarantee satisfaction in every case.

THOMAS BUCKEY'S PILK OINTMENT is unique as a Patent Medicine, in that it is recommended for nothing but Piles. It is, perhaps the only patent medicine extant which does not propose to cure from a dozen to one hundred diseases. But it will effectively cure Piles, and is only 50 cents, For sale by McRoberts & Stagg.

Our colored brethren have given up all hope of getting a home as far as possible from the colored, and are adapting themselves gradually to the knowledge that only by industry and correct deportment can they win the esteem of their countrymen. They enjoy no special privilege of immunity, but when suffering from Dyspepsia, Sour Stomach, Biliousness, etc., can obtain relief, using Portion, or Tincture of Sassafras Liniment. Price 20 cents. For sale by McRoberts & Stagg.

TO WESTERN EMIGRANTS.—Having been appointed GENERAL EMIGRATION AGENT at Cincinnati for the VANDALIA LINE, for the States of MISSOURI, TEXAS, ARKANSAS, NEBRASKA, KANSAS, COLORADO, CALIFORNIA, and the WESTERN TERRITORIES, am fully prepared to furnish, furnish and forward to you, Land and Water, giving Soil, Climate, Air, Lowest rates made on passengers, household goods or stock, Call on, or address, GEO. A. KNIGHT, Gen'l. Emigration Agent, N. E. Cor. 4th and Vine Streets, Cincinnati, Ohio.

FRANK LESLIE'S SUNDAY MAGAZINE.—The August number is exceedingly brilliant and attractive. Among the principal articles is a capital and lovely estimate of the kind and character of "Sister Bess," the model Christian nurse; an admirable one on "Missionary Effort in Patagonia"; a very interesting one on "Venice; Its Past and Present," beautifully illustrated. "With St. Paul at Athens," "Religious Aspects of Gothic Architecture," are the best known articles. "Patsy, the Milliner's Daughter," is continued, and a new serial, by the author of "Little Hinges," is commenced, entitled, "Maid Major." There are sketches of thrilling interest; essays replete with pleasant thoughts; an abundant miscellany, embracing a vast variety of subjects. There are "Religious Notes and News," "Editor's Portfolio," "Obituary Notices," "Recitations for Sunday Afternoon," and a charming piece of music, "Now I Lay Me Down to Sleep," composed for the "Sunday Magazine" by Augusta Brownell Garrett. The 128 quarto pages, with over 100 illustrations, in each number, may be obtained for 25 cents a copy, or \$3 a year, postpaid. Address, Frank Leslie's Publishing House, 53, 55 and 57 Park Place, New York.

PERSONAL.

—MISS ANNIE BROWN is visiting in Lancaster.

—MR. F. J. CAMPBELL has gone to Rochester Springs.

—MISS MARY LUCKY has gone to visit relatives in Carroll.

—CAPT. E. G. CRAIG is rustling at Rockensburg.

—MR. JOHN W. BOUT made a business trip to Louisville this week.

—MISS KATE WILLIAMS has fled to Crab Orchard Springs, greatly improved in health.

—MISS MATTIE AND BETTIE FOGLE went to Crab Orchard last week.—[Lebanon Standard.]

—MISS LIZZIE R. TWIDWELL, a pretty young lady from Hustonville, is visiting Miss Mary Brown.

—MISS GEORGE PARKER, with her son, of Indianapolis, Ind., is visiting her sister, Mrs. Isaac Hasbrouck.

—OUR young friend, Junius Rochester, seems to be taking quite a hand in the local politics of Louisville.

—C. R. JONES, Esq., representing N. Sid Flat, of Louisville, is in town. He is one of the cleverest of our men, and hope our boys will patronize him liberally.

—EX. GUY JAMES B. McCARTHY was a passenger on the North-bound train Monday. He assured us that he would be present at the Crab Orchard Barbecue, which will delight his many friends in this section.

—OUR young, brilliant young Democratic editor of Kentucky, Mr. G. S. Sanders, of Stanford, holds a prominent place. His speech at the Danville ratification meeting Saturday night was both able and eloquent.—[Lebanon Standard.]

—A HANCOCK AND ENGLISH CLUB was organized here last Saturday. Col. T. W. Varnon was made President, Messrs. T. W. Higgins, Col. Isaac Shelly, Jr., Lewis G. Gooch, John Bailey, John Young, Sr., John S. Hughes and R. H. Brougham, Vice Presidents; Judges S. S. Myers and J. M. Phillips, Secretaries, and W. P. Walton, Treasurer. Quite a large membership was enrolled and money sufficient to purchase badges and a banner was collected. The Club will be known as the Hancock and English Club of Lincoln County. Besides the regular badge the boys will wear white-stove-pipe hats. The headquarters of the Club will be at the INTERIOR JOURNAL office, and a meeting is called for to-morrow afternoon at 3 o'clock.

—THE BAND BOYS—Succeeded in raising a sufficient amount of money by subscriptions and by loans to purchase a new set of horns, and Dr. Lee F. Huifman was dispatched on Wednesday to Cincinnati to purchase them. This band will accompany the Hancock and English Club of this county on all occasions, and will put in some good licks during the campaign, for everybody knows that there is nothing like a Brass Band to keep up enthusiasm. The instruments are in number, and costing \$250, arrived yesterday. They are beauties and the boys are justly proud of them. The following compose the band: Dr. Lee F. Huifman, Director; D. R. Carpenter, Joe F. Waters, J. C. Davis, A. A. Warren, J. T. Carson, T. M. Johnston, S. J. Helm; S. S. Myers, bass drummer, C. C. Carson, kettle drummer. They request us to say that they are now open to proposals from Fairs, and other public entertainments.

—LOCAL MATTERS.

Special Trains to the Barbecue.—[Special telegram to THE INTERIOR JOURNAL.]

CRAB ORCHARD, July 15, 6 P. M.—Arrangements have been made for special trains to run to this place, on the 22d, from Lebanon, Richmond and Livingston.

—SHELDY, JR.

A POSTAL Order office has been established at Monticello, Ky.

EVERY farmer should have one of J. W. Wallace's Improved Harrows.

L. A. WILLSON has moved his Shoe-Shop to the corner of Main and Depot Streets.

A VALUABLE mare belonging to Mr. James Crow, of this county, was killed by lightning last Saturday evening.

MR. J. N. CRAIG wishes that those indebted to him would call and pay, as the first of July has already passed.

THE WEATHER—Continues fearfully hot, the thermometer standing as high as 97° in the shade several times this week.

ERICK—Squirt Portion has just completed the burning of 427,000 brick, which he will use in the Town Hall and other buildings.

PAINTING.—The Committee let the painting of the cupola and wood work of the Court-House to John Spratt, of Paint Lick, for \$150.

SUNSTROKE.—Ferrin Blackerby, formerly of this place, received a fatal sunstroke last Saturday, according to the Cincinnati Enquirer.

SLIDE.—Owing to a slide in the tunnel beyond Mt. Vernon, the passenger train was detained on Wednesday so that it did not pass here, en route to Louisville, till 6 P. M.

REMOVED.—Mrs. Warren and Mr. Chemault has removed their Millinery Goods to the room recently occupied by Mr. Shull as a Photograph-Gallery, on Main Street.

THE MEMBERS of the Hancock and English Club of Lincoln county are requested to meet in Stanford early on the morning of the 22d to go in a body to the Crab Orchard Barbecue. The Club will be headed by the Valley Cornet Band of this place.

THRIVING TOWN.—Hiawatha, Kansas, the home of Dr. L. R. Yates, late of Stanford, has increased her population over 33 per cent in one year. It is one of the most thriving towns in Kansas, and the Dr. made a trump when he selected it for his business operations.

A SEVERE rain storm passed over the Turnersville neighborhood Saturday evening, doing great damage to a few farms. A bridge on the turnpike that had been standing for thirteen years was washed away.

A COAL OIL LAMP—Exploded at Mr. Reuben Williams' this week, but fortunately no damage was done. Mrs. Williams, however, became so frightened that she fainted, but a copious application of water soon brough her all right.

MISCEGENATION.—We are told by a census enumerator that Rash McKenzie, a mulatto, is living with a white woman named Caldwell, in this county, and that they have a boy ten years of age. They claim that they have been regularly married.

THE foundation of the Town Hall has been completed, the brick work commenced yesterday, and the contractors say they will push the work to an early completion. There have been applications already received from Theatrical parties for the privilege of opening the Hall.

REUNION.—The children of Mrs. Anna Pence all met at her home last Sunday and enjoyed a happy reunion, the first in ten years. There were five of them and their families: Mr. G. W. Pence, from Missouri; E. T. Pence, Hustonville; Mrs. J. E. Lynn, Mrs. Mary Matheny and Mr. Adam Pence, Jr. The grand children, nine in number, were also present.

ENDLESS VARIETIES.—There can be found in no store-house outside of Cincinnati, a greater variety of goods, or better and cheaper, than is to be seen right here in our own town, at the Hayden Brothers. From long years of experience in purchasing for this market, the firm know just what our people want, and are always sure to buy them. Their stock is kept clean and nice, and their goods look fresh as long as there is a remnant left. You will never fail to get what you want by calling in at Hayden's.

SERIOUS CHARGES.—Last Saturday night on Sunday a handsome gold watch and chain, which cost Mr. W. C. Cash \$315, was stolen from his residence. He being no one else whom he thought could possibly gotten it but a colored girl employed by him, he charged her with the theft. She bitterly denied the accusation, whereupon, as she states, Mr. Cash and his half brother, Sherrard Eldridge, tied her hands behind her, and taking her to the stable, put a rope around her neck and swore they intended to hang her if she did not confess that she had stolen the watch. She further stated that while Mr. Cash was temporarily absent, Mr. Eldridge had taken advantage of her being tired and succeeded in ravishing her. She came to town Monday and swore to the above before Sheriff W. R. Carson, who on this issued a warrant against both, charging them with kidnapping and one against Mr. Eldridge for rape. These papers were placed in the hands of the Sheriff, who brought the parties to town on Monday, and to the stable, put a rope around her neck and swore they intended to hang her if she did not confess that she had stolen the watch. She further stated that while Mr. Cash was temporarily absent, Mr. Eldridge had taken advantage of her being tired and succeeded in ravishing her. She came to town Monday and swore to the above before Sheriff W. R. Carson, who on this issued a warrant against both, charging them with kidnapping and one against Mr. Eldridge for rape. These papers were placed in the hands of the Sheriff, who brought the parties to town on Monday, and to the stable, put a rope around her neck and swore they intended to hang her if she did not confess that she had stolen the watch. She further stated that while Mr. Cash was temporarily absent, Mr. Eldridge had taken advantage of her being tired and succeeded in ravishing her. 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STANFORD, KY.

Friday Morning, July 16, 1880.

Gen. Hancock's Only Child.

"All's well that ends well."

Our boarding house broke up. We drifted apart. Two years after I spent a summer afternoon with my young friends at Mrs. General Hancock's mothers, Mrs. Russell, at their country seat, near the old barracks, a few miles out of St. Louis. The house was an imposing old-fashioned mansion, set in a park, upon which a pretty lodge faced and a monster gate opened. There was a wide hall, inlaid floor, a big rug in the centre of it; a sofa and a table on the rug; the back door stood open; it led out into the summer greenness, and the fresh tang of woodland scents, and lily spikes and roses. In the parlor was a fine harp, standing under a portrait of Mrs. Hancock in bridal dress. There was a life-size portrait of the General, grand and commanding, in full uniform; there were swords and embroidered chairs, screens, and an ornated piano cover, the work of Mrs. General Hancock's fingers when she was a girl, and a picture, I think, of their dead daughter, Ada, and of a chubby, rosy baby, Russell, now grown—all treasured by the old grandmothers as mementos of the old time, that mothers never forgot, no matter how infirm they grow or how aged the children get. There was no one in the house but the young people, the grandmother and the servants. The grandmother, confined to her room, sent her kindly greetings by her grandson, "Grandmother raised me nearly. I wish you could meet her. I was with her a good deal when I was a little fellow and father and mother were soldiering."

Presently grandmother sent in a tray with fruit, cake and wine, and we three chatted and recalled past days, as merry, but no merrier than we had been in our close quarters in the boarding house. I think from the simple, cordial hospitality of Mrs. Russell's home, that I know where the grandson gets the courtesy and unaffected simplicity of his manner. I never heard him brag, boast, or prop himself on his position or semi-severe. The smile was a sort of apology—"that don't mean anything, you know," sort of look—that would have taken the sting from deeper cuts than his kindly jeans ever gave. I never knew a wit, with less silliness, or clownishness. Fun making continually often becomes disgusting simple. But in Russell Hancock the trait was so natural, so bright, so unforced that it never became tiresome, and was always fresh.

He was a mere boy, and had married a mere girl. It was a runaway match, a clandestine marriage, a secret wedding, which for months none of their friends suspected. They had gone from a party in Louisville across the river to Jeffersonville, roused up a preacher, were married in the silence of midnight, and had stolen back to their dwellings. The lady remained in her father's house, received young company, was seen in society with young gentlemen escorts, met her husband as a mere friend in the presence of others. Mr. Hancock, at that time, was employed in the house of Newcomb, Buchanan & Co., of which Victor Newcomb, the great railroad magnet, was head. The young lady's father was a rebel, who refused the address of "the son of a Yankee soldier." He forbade the young man the house, and made preparations to take his daughter to Europe; in fear of this separation, the young man begged his lady love, at the party that night, to prove her faithfulness to him, by consenting to a marriage before she went abroad. While she was gone he was to try and make a home for her, and if worse came to worse, no one could take her from him, he would know she was his, and inspired by that thought, would do great things. The lady announced her willingness to marry him at any time. In half an hour they were on their way across the river, accompanied by a friend or two, and the ceremony was performed.

The news leaked out, of course, before the departure of the family to Europe, and created a stir in the social world of Louisville. The news was as much a surprise to General and Mrs. Hancock, as to the wife's father and mother. Mrs. Hancock had been visiting her boy, and had left only the day before he was married. He had told her nothing of his intentions, and the shock struck to a tender place in her mother's heart, but she welcomed her pretty daughter kindly, and they are fast, true friends. The marriage was entirely unpremeditated; was not planned beforehand, nor thought of until that fateful conversation.

It was six months or a year after the mysterious wedding, that the pair came to board with us. The father, up to that time, had not forgiven the daughter. Her mother came to see her, and her little sisters were over every day and thought the world and all of brother Russell.

Mrs. Hancock had been one of the prettiest, brightest young belles of Louisville—that old town famous for pretty maidens, and celebrated especially for its lovely trio: Sallie Ward, Alice Brannan and Jennie Moore. She had been raised in a fashionable manner, but she settled down with earnestness into a thoughtful, teachable little housewife, and I don't believe Russell Hancock could ever have picked out a better or a prettier bride than the little girl who ran away into Hoosier land, across the falls, in the darkness with him, to prove her devotion to the son of the Yankee General.

A Striking Resemblance.

We were once told a story of two Shakers down East who nearly resembled one another in certain characteristics. Here is another somewhat like unto it—a story of two brothers, who were lawyers, and practicing in the same town—which is certainly worth telling:

A gentleman requiring legal assistance had been recommended to one of the two brothers, but had forgotten the Christian name of him he sought, so he called at the office of the first found and asked him for Mr. Padger.

"That is my name sir."

"But there are two of you of that name here in town?"

"Yes."

"Well, I wish to consult the Mr. Padger—excuse me for the allusion—who wears a wig."

"We both wear wigs, sir."

"Well, the man I seek was divorced from his wife not long ago."

"There you hit us both again, sir."

The man to whom I was recommended has recently been accused of forgery, though I trust, unjustly."

"There we are again, my dear sir, We have both had that gentle insinuation laid at our doors."

"Well, upon my word, you two brothers bear a striking resemblance. But I guess I have it now. The one I am after is in the habit of occasionally drinking to excess—sometimes to intoxication."

"My dear man, that little vice is unfortunately, characteristic of the pair of us; I doubt if our best friends could tell you which was the worst."

"Well, you are a matched pair, certainly. But tell me," continued the visitor, "which of the twain it was that took the poor debtor's oath a month ago?"

"Ha, ha, we were both in that mud. I was on Bob's paper and he was on mine."

"In mercy's name" cried the appliant desperately, "will you tell me which of the two is the most sensible man?"

"Ha, there you touch bottom, my friend. Poor Bob, I can't stretch the truth, even to serve a brother. If you want the more sensible one of the two I must acknowledge the corn. I'm the man."

The Wrong Leg.

The Portland *Advertiser* tells the following story: There was an eminent sergeant-at-law some years ago who had a cork leg that was a triumph of artistic deception. None but his intimates knew for certain which was the real and which was the sham limb. A wild young wag of the "utter bar," who knew the sergeant pretty well once thought to utilize the knowledge of the sergeant's secret to take in a green, newly-fledged young barrister. The sergeant was addressing a special jury at Westminster in his usual earnest and vehement style, and the wag whispered to his neighbor, "You see how hot old Buzzif is over his case, now, I'll bet you a sovereign I'll run this pin into his leg up to the head, and he'll never notice it, he's so absorbed in his case. He's a most extraordinary man in that way."

This was more than the greenhorn could swallow, so he took the bet. The wag took a large pin from his waistcoat, and leaning forward drove it up to the head into the sergeant's leg. A yell that froze the blood of all who heard it, that made the hair of the jury stand on end and caused the judge's wig to almost fall off, ran through the Court. "By Jove! it's the wrong leg, and I've lost my money," exclaimed the dismayed and conscious-stricken wag, quite regardless of the pain he had inflicted upon the learned sergeant.

The mother and myself looked at all the pretty baby clothes in the baby's special drawer, and I was shown a box of pretty things that grandma Hancock had sent, and a basket that great grandma Russell had made for it. It was to bear the name of Mr. Hancock's mother and dead sister. I left it well equipped for its journey of life. I left the young people loving, happy and proud. I have never seen them since.

I hear that he has become a prosperous cotton planter, a favorite with his neighbors, in good repute with the world, making money and keeping up his cherry whiskers. He would be the same frank fellow, whether son of blacksmith, General or President. Everything is happy in his life. But then, as his wife once said, "some people are born to luck."

After considering the question all winter the average editor comes to the conclusion every spring that the circus is immoral; then the bill poster comes along with big pictures, and his mind changes as follows: As he gazes at the lions, tigers and monkeys, and thinks that nature made all of them, he is not sure. And when he looks at the beautiful young lady, with nothing but a blue leg 'round her waist, with one leg pointing to six o'clock and the other to high noon, and thinks that nature made her, too, just as she was, except the ribbon, he begins to leap up to the circus. But when the brass band begins to play for a front seat to get in ahead of the ministers, who always wear stove pipe hats and won't sit down in front.

Sun-stroke is caused by excessive heat; but loss of sleep, worry, and general debility will predispose one to it. These obliged to work in the hot sun should wear a light straw hat with a wet cloth within; a cabbage leaf is often used for the same purpose. If a feeling of dizziness comes on, seek a cool and shade place at once, and apply cold water to the head. Ammonia should be inhaled if faintness is felt, but very cautiously.

An excellent paste for scrap books can be made as follows: In a pint of water dissolve a teaspoonful and a half of powdered alum, add flour enough to render it the consistency of common paste, bring it to a boil, stirring all the while, and when done add a few drops of the oil of cloves. The alum prevents fermentation, and the oil of cloves destroys all vegetable mold.

The Dark Side of Things.

Some people will persist in taking a gloomy view of everything. There is a man of that kind living in Ward No. 13. A neighbor happened to drop into see him the other day and found everybody lively except the head of the family.

"How are you all coming on?" "We are tolerable except Bob. He is laughing and joking because he is going fishing. I just know he is going to come home drowned, and howling with a fish-hook sticking in him somewhere."

"Well, the rest seem to be cheerful."

"Yes, sorter. Jemima is jumping and skipping about because she is going to a candy-pulling, but I know something will happen to her. I read of a girl in Philadelphia only last year who was coming home from a candy-pulling, when a drunken man threw his wife out of a three story window and killed her."

"Killed who?"

"Jemima."

"Why, no; there she is."

"Well, it might have been her if she had been on the pavement below where the woman fell."

"BAPTIST.—Rev. J. M. BRUCE, Pastor, meets on Second and Fourth Sundays, morning and night, at 10:30 A. M. and 7 o'clock. Mrs. T. T. Davies, President."

"There we are again, my dear sir, We have both had that gentle insinuation laid at our doors."

"Well, upon my word, you two brothers bear a striking resemblance. But I guess I have it now. The one I am after is in the habit of occasionally drinking to excess—sometimes to intoxication."

"My dear man, that little vice is unfortunately, characteristic of the pair of us; I doubt if our best friends could tell you which was the worst."

"Well, you are a matched pair, certainly. But tell me," continued the visitor, "which of the twain it was that took the poor debtor's oath a month ago?"

"Ha, ha, we were both in that mud. I was on Bob's paper and he was on mine."

"In mercy's name" cried the appliant desperately, "will you tell me which of the two is the most sensible man?"

"Ha, there you touch bottom, my friend. Poor Bob, I can't stretch the truth, even to serve a brother. If you want the more sensible one of the two I must acknowledge the corn. I'm the man."

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If you are troubled about the grain chest with mice, watch for their holes and scatter a little coppers in them. A few grains will drive them away.

If your horse is troubled with scatches, mix up a little saltpeter and lard and put upon the sore part; renew daily until cured. Keep clean by using castile soap.

No Chinese farmer ever sows a seed of grain before it has been soaked in liquid manure diluted with water, and has begun to germinate; and experience has taught him that this operation not only tends to promote the growth and development, but also to protect the seed from the insects hidden in the ground.

The Galveston *News* gives this as an illustration of the Texas idea of real heroism:

Quite a number of darkies, young and old, were fishing down on Kuhn's wharf, when a boy about twelve fell off, and would have met with a watery grave had it not been for the energy and presence of mind of old Uncle Mose. After the boy was safely landed a bystander took occasion to praise old Mose for the heroism he had displayed.

"Is the boy your son?" asked the sympathetic spectator.

"No, boss, but he mout jess as well a been. He had all de bait in his pocket."

A drag, driven by an elegantly attired lady, with a trim and neatly dressed colored boy perched on the footman's seat behind, was passing through the street, when it was passed by an old negro woman. "Bress de Lord!" she exclaimed, raising her hands as she spoke. "Bress de Lord!" George doesn't know what all the fun's about; but he was subsequently heard to say: "That was a boss drag."

FASTEST TIME ON RECORD.—Train No. 4 of the Pennsylvania Railroad recently made the fastest run on record from Philadelphia to Jersey City. The train consisted of locomotive No. 724 and two cars. Edward Osborne was the engineer, and Lewis Lilian conductor. The train left Philadelphia at 12:51, and Jersey City was reached at 2:24 P. M., the trip of ninety miles having been accomplished in precisely ninety three minutes. Four stops were made, and twice the train was slowed up to cross bridges.

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